

BLUE GRASS BLADE.

VOL. III NO. 38

LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1892.

SUBSCRIPTION (25¢ a Year for rich people. 10¢ a Year for poor people.)



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PAINTS, VARNISH,

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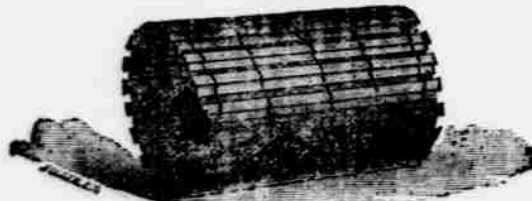
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Second Floor, over T. T. Skillman's Wall Paper Store, Next door to Opera House.

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We are receiving our Fall Stock, which is entirely new, there is nothing left over.

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We get our Styles as soon as they reach our Louisville firm, and we assure our patrons of the correctness of the same.

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We keep over four hundred different styles of Ladies' and Misses' hose, in price from ten cents to \$5 per pair. Ladies' muslin underwear.

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Kid Gloves, from one dollar up.

FALL WRAPS JUST IN.

KAUFMAN, STRAUS & CO.,

No. 12 East Main Street.

Charles B. Moore
Editor

HOW THE PARIS

"CHRISTIAN" CHURCH PUT ME IN JAIL.

In resuming the publication of the BLADE after so long a suspension, my readers, and especially those who live at a distance from me, would naturally want to hear my explanation of my silence.

From the latter part of February until the first of June there was a series of threats, violence and prosecutions at law, ending in my being fined \$100.00 and put in jail for two months, and the illness of my wife from nervous prostration, consequent upon the treatment that I received, that made it impracticable and inadvisable, had it been practicable to publish my paper during that time. Insults were offered me by men in high official positions in Lexington, and threats of violence against me were made by them. The conduct of these men was highly applauded by the newspapers of Lexington, all of which are fully in sympathy with the liquor interest. The town is dominated by saloon men and whisky drinkers; a portion of it, Megown street, is set apart for baggins, the race course here is daily more and more demoralizing our people; a handsome racing club house, for drinking and race horse gambling has lately been built in the most valuable part of the town; many women, including those that belong to churches, go to these horse races and bet on them and excepting one sermon by Rev. J. W. McGuffey, neither pulpits nor press has come to my assistance to rebuke these things and this country of churches and colleges claiming to be distinctively Christian, presents the anomaly of having the only man in the state who is publicly proclaimed as an infidel fighting single handed, so far as any public effort is concerned, an immoral, lawless and lawless man, the head for lawlessness and makes it a proverb for that which is irreparable throughout the land.

Of course I refer to George W. Bain as a worker against all this, but he is national in his influence, his labors being from ocean to ocean and I get no more advantage from his advocacy of the same cause than I do from any other laborer in this department who may be in the most remote part of the country. Moral sentiment and courage are at a low ebb in this State. There is great shame and pretense in religion. Recently all the churches of Lexington united in public resolutions condemning one single house here called a pool room, that is simply a small and insignificant auxiliary to the racing business, and one that has no political influence. But these churches will not dare pass resolutions denouncing the saloons and distilleries, the race course and the flaunting audacity of the baggins in our city.

I have always announced myself a non-resistant, but there seems to have been some doubt of my sincerity and when I brooked insult and threat from men in Lexington, and they found that I was really an exception to the popular conception of "honor" and "chivalry" in this state, it made me a butt for that class of men who would avail themselves of so fine an opportunity to gain distinction in Kentucky's pretensions of civilization. I am a member of the Christian church, three of them being members of that church, as I have heard, ran up behind me as I was just going to step upon a train at a lonely station where no one was in sight, captured me, and with threats and the most profane language began the outrages upon my rights as a Kentucky citizen that ended in my being fined \$100.00 and being put in jail for two months by the Paris Christian church in conjunction with whisky makers, sellers and drinkers, as any unprejudiced and intelligent citizen in Bourbon county will tell anybody who may ask about it; and all because what I was saying in my paper and making a damaging arraignment of the whisky trade and of a church that would encourage such a trade by taking money from people engaged in that business, or who had made their fortunes at it, and by allowing men engaged in the whisky traffic to be members of that church.

An incident has lately occurred in Lexington that indicated something about the courage of those Lexington men who have distinguished themselves by their threats of me; they being holders of very lucrative offices in Lexington, and therefore under more than ordinary obligation to defend the city with their distinguished physical prowess. A councilman, who is a saloon keeper, having violated an ordinance of the city, the police attempted to arrest him, in broad daylight, in the middle of one of the most prominent streets of the city. This councilman drew a bowie knife and a pistol, and defied the police until they were afraid to approach him.

The chief of police came and would not arrest him and he is now under indictment by the grand jury of this county for not having arrested that councilman.

That saloon keeper's defiance of the city was protested until it was generally known throughout the city and they never did arrest him. But of these officers of the city who get their living out of rich offices of the city, who gained such praise from the newspapers of the city for their valor in threatening me, known to be unarmed, and to entertain Quaker notions about fighting, there was not one put in an appearance; when you would naturally infer from the distinguished intemperately imputed to them by the press of the city that any one of them would not have hesitated to walk up to that defiant saloon keeper and yank him off to the station house without a moment's hesitation. But those men knew that saloon keeper would fight, and it was not a good opportunity to display their particular kind of valor. I do not suppose there is a man in Lexington who thinks that the men who have distinguished themselves by threatening to kill me would have dared approach me as they did and talk to me as they did had they thought that I had arms, and was ready to use them. They knew saloon keeper councilman McNamara was a saloon keeper that he is and as much opposed to his business as I am, I can but express some feeling of obligation to him for having thus publicly demonstrated what my assailants will do when the true test of courage comes. I have to say that I respect McNamara who came to my aid in the above mentioned case, and I have to say that I respect McNamara who came to my aid in the above mentioned case, and I have to say that I respect McNamara who came to my aid in the above mentioned case.

It was, as I have intimated, an easy thing for that church to array against me, an infidel, the large majority of Democratic and Republican papers that support the liquor traffic, though there are many Democratic papers in the state that have all the time stood by me. In Paris the only one of the three papers of the town, all Democratic, that was opposed to me, was one, the *Kentuckian-Citizen*, edited by Remington, a member of the Paris Christian church, the editor now being under three indictments by Bourbon and Scott counties for lawless conduct toward Prohibitionists.

Remington and Sweeney the pastor of the church seemed to me to have been, and are generally understood by the people of Paris to have been the most active men in the prosecution of me. My grandfather, Barton W. Stone, was the founder of the denomination to which the Christian church at Paris belongs, and he was baptized in Stone creek, at a place that is within fifty feet of the walls of the jail in which that church put me. I was ordained to the ministry of the Christian church by Alexander Campbell who became a most prominent figure in that church, and beginning a little before the commencement of the war, I devoted my life, until near the close of the war, to preaching the gospel, and always without accepting anything for my services. I preached twice by special request for the church in Paris that has since put me in jail.

But I have intimated the animus of that church can be more clearly seen by its dealing with Mr. William T. Ficklen in my case. They put Mr. Ficklen in jail at the same time that I was. He was the only man in Paris that voted for Fick and Brooks, the Prohibition nominees, at the last Presidential election though Dr. Brooks is known to be a Kentucky member of the Christian church. I met him at the Cincinnati convention, and he told me his sympathy had been with me all through my imprisonment by the Paris church.

Mr. Ficklen is sixty four years old, and for fifty two years has been a member of the Paris Christian church, and there against him, any charge brought against him by church or state. There is not a more peaceable and inoffensive man in Bourbon county than he is. A strong young man is under indictment by Bourbon county for a personal assault upon Mr. Ficklen.

Mr. Ficklen was put in jail for having written to me that Chambers was a drunkard, and that he was a member of the Paris Christian church. He stated on the witness stand that he was a member of the Christian church, and that he sold whisky by the quart. Mr. Ficklen told me that one of his witnesses to prove that Chambers was drunk on the occasion that he alluded to in his letter to me, was one of the town council of Paris. Mr. Ficklen said to me in jail that, to see if that councilman would be willing to testify that Chambers was drunk on the occasion alluded to, he (Ficklen) had gone to that councilman and asked him if he (the councilman) did not tell him that Chambers was drunk and a disgrace to the United States. I know there will be those who will say that I have not told the whole story in Ficklen's case, and that a man can not be put in jail for that. We have all heard that famous story of the lawyer, during the war, who said to his client in jail "They can't put you in jail for what you have done," but the only reply that the client could make to his lawyer was "But I am in jail." I know positively that Mr. Ficklen was in jail as a prisoner with me, because I saw the turnkey put him in, and both the prisoner and the turnkey told me that he had been put in by the Paris Christian church, and I believe there are to-day in Paris a thousand people who will say they believe Chambers was drunk at the time Ficklen said he was, and I do not believe that there is any first class citizen in Paris, who is perfectly disinterested in this matter, who will say that he does not believe that Chambers was drunk at the time alluded to.

Those of that great audience who have since seen and heard lecture, at the Lexington Chautauque, Helen M. Gougar, know what a grand and magnificent woman, physically, mentally and morally I had for a companion on that occasion at Cincinnati. The outrages and injustice to which I have been subjected, in my own state, have created a sympathy for me and my cause that made the editors and proprietors of the "Constitution," a Prohibition paper of Cleveland, Ohio, invite me to come there and accept their assistance in the editing of my paper. But Ohio has Prohibition papers that are in successful operation there, and my aspiration is to fight it out in my own state where the harvest is so great and the laborers so few, dominated, and cursed by the whisky traffic as we are. In Bourbon county to-day, as will be told you by almost any intelligent and dispassionate citizen there, nearly the whole of the county, outside of that part of the Christian church in Paris that is dominated by the rich whisky aristocracy are my friends. I said in one of my papers that if I had a chance to bore for hell fire I would rig my derricks right in front of that Christian church. A saloon keeper has since then gotten him a home right opposite that church. He calls it "Derrick cottage," and, I think, I was told that he had sent me word to come and see him.

A Democrat in official position in Paris said to me "If any man thinks Chambers does not drink whisky all he has to do is to go into his grocery and smell his breath."

Mr. Ficklen had come to my home in the country on one occasion last fall. In order to get to my house he had to travel twenty miles on railroad and then hire a buggy to come eight miles into the country. He had never been to my house before, and I did not recognize him when I saw him. He is rather a poor man. He represented to me that a relative of Chambers had paid his expenses to come and see me, and ask me to publish in my paper that Chambers was drunk at the time alluded to. I do not believe that Ficklen would pay his own money and tell a lie to defend Chambers, a whisky selling Democrat. I do not believe that any friend of Chambers would have paid Ficklen's expenses to come and see me for the purpose that Ficklen said he came, unless the friend of Chambers had believed that Chambers had been drunk at the time alluded to, and the time alluded to was the same that Ficklen's letter to me, written before Ficklen came to see me, said Chambers had been drunk, and for the writing of which letter to me and its publication by me, Ficklen was put in jail, and I, already in jail for other charges against that church, was again indicted.

The charge for which the church put me in jail, stripped of all unnecessary verbiage, was that I had said that that church was being convicted by a Republican preacher in collusion with whisky makers, sellers and drinkers, and that such a church was an engine for evil greater than any baggins or saloon in Lexington. My purpose, in writing the sentence, had been to say Democratic whisky makers, sellers and drinkers, so as, by the antithesis, to show the collusion between the Republican preacher and the Democratic liquor dealers to support the traffic; but by an accident, either on my part or that of the printers, the word *Democratic* was omitted, and the Democratic county attorney that prosecuted me laid emphasis on the fact that I had alluded to the preacher as being a *Republican*, because, as he seemed to intimate, I had spited against the Republican party.

A member of that religious body wrote me a letter from Paris, and, without giving any name in it, recited the crime and unhappiness which for the last twenty years have happened as a consequence of the liquor traffic, to persons in some way connected with that church. Though there were no names given, and I knew but little about Paris, I recognized some of the cases from having read about them in the newspapers, and I think all of the cases had, from time to time, as they occurred, been reported in the Paris papers. So readily recognized as true were these accounts of my correspondent that the Paris papers published the names of the parties that were alluded to, and the statements made by my correspondent are recognized as being accurate by nearly everybody who has lived in Paris long enough to remember the prominent things that have occurred there in the last twenty years. When they happened I have published, one at a time, only the individual family concerned, and the sufferer from the publication, but when they were collated for twenty years past and all published at once, and the point made that it was all the result of the whisky business, as everybody knew to be true, it made a fearful arraignment of that church and of the whisky business; and preacher Sweeney and distiller White stood, as devoted friends, on the same witness stand equally interested to have me punished, but that I had published a lie, not as they expressed it, that I had raked up family skeletons, and opened afresh wounds that had healed.

To let bygones be bygones is a rule that the papers of Lexington have tried to force upon me. In the first issue of the last series of my papers nearly two years ago I published about a civil officer, and leader of politics in Kentucky, just what the Lexington newspapers had published only a one or two years before, and about the truth of which nobody in the country had any doubt. But, for my doing this, the Lexington papers did all they could to excite violence against me.

The only question of fact as to what I said about that church that I was to sustain by demonstration is as to whether that church in collusion with the liquor traffic as I said it was.

James H. Ford was the member of the church in whose name the church brought the action against me. Ford had been a wholesale whisky dealer, while a member of that church, and has continued in that business until he had become bankrupt not a great while before he swore out the warrants against me. I was told that he owed his creditors \$43,000.00 above his assets.

It was several times suggested to me, by people in Paris, that Ford had been selected to swear out the warrants against me because he was financially irresponsible in case I should want to sue for damages. Chambers, the mayor was a witness against me, and stated on the witness stand, as I have said, that he was a member of that church and that he had used whisky for the quarter.

Thompson Ware another witness against me, said he was a deacon in that church. He is a clerk in a distillery.

George White is distiller, and was a witness for the church against me. When "the four braves" as they are called now had me in their power at Springfield, one of them said to me "I do not suppose that George White pays more than fifty dollars a year to the Christian church." At the

same time one of the "four braves" said to me, alluding to something that some Paris correspondent had said in a letter to me, and which I had forgotten, "What if Brother Sweeney does drink; what harm is there in it?" I said to him "If there is no harm in it I suppose there could be no harm in saying so."

I have a letter from a man who claims to be a member of that church that says that Sweeney's father is a whisky drinker and a member of that church. Sweeney's daughter is represented to me to be a member of that church. Not long since the *Blue Grass Clipper*, of Midway, Ky. printed an article saying that Sweeney's daughter had been drunk on the streets of Midway, that she had corrupted the morals of a young man whose name it gave, and of whom it is said that he had been a nice young man; about twenty men, among the prominent citizens of the town, signed an article the purport of which was that they did not want her to live in Midway, and a press telegram from Washington stated that she was dismissed from the postal service for immoral conduct.

I never heard any one say at Paris that Sweeney drank "too excess," as they call it, but it was a thing of common report that he takes his drink, especially when he goes fishing.

It was reported at Georgetown that during the time of Sweeney's debate with Dixie he contracted a debt of \$6.00 at the Wells house and left it to the church to pay. The Wells house and its bar belong to a member of the Christian church in Georgetown. I went to see the Wells house bar keeper about the report about Sweeney. I found him fixing a drink for a man who is a leader in Democratic politics and Baptist religion, and I talked to the bar keeper about Sweeney's case when the brother was done. I am of the opinion that that report about Sweeney's bill of six dollars is not true, but I think he got more or less liquor from that bar, which was probably sent to his room by friends.

There is a woman who is a member of the Paris Christian church who habitually gets so drunk that she reels down the streets, and the fact that she thus gets drunk is known to almost anybody in the town. She was a good friend to me, so I understood, and I hate to allude to her case, and only do so to prove the truth of what I have said.

I know of my personal knowledge very little about Paris, and shall now give some cases that I only know now from information furnished me by what seemed to be good and intelligent citizens of Paris.

Lon Haley is that son-in-law of George White, and is a partner with White in the distillery. He is an Irishman and left the Catholic church to join the Christian church in Paris, Ga. No Lear and Arch Stout are saloon keepers and members of that church. William Current is a saloon keeper whose family are members of that church, and he pays for the support of that church though he is not a member. I heard the number in the membership of that church estimated from one thousand to twelve hundred, and a gentleman, some of whose family are members of that church, said to me that he supposed there were two hundred people in the church who drank whisky. Mr. Davis was a witness for the church. He seems to be regarded as one of the best men in the town. He said he was familiar with the usages of the church and that he had never known it to exclude any body. There were three women who testified for the church against me. One was related to the present Mayor of Paris, and of the other two one was the wife, and the other a sister-in-law of a former Mayor of Paris. The former Mayor was a very prominent member in the Christian church there. He was a wholesale liquor dealer, while a member of that church, and became bankrupt and committed suicide in the Lexington hotel in Lexington. The details of it were published, as the time in the Lexington and Paris papers, and are still fresh in the minds of the people of this country. That was a sample of the cases that were alluded to in the letter to me from Paris, my publication of which gave such offense to the people of that town.

Horace Miller is a deacon in the Christian church at Paris. I have now in my possession a letter written me by a woman of Paris who says that she is a member of the Paris Christian church. She states in her letter that Horace Miller occupies a pew that is in front of her, says that Miller prays publicly in the church, and that at an election a year or two since, in which Miller was a candidate, Miller furnished whisky to her husband and son-in-law that so made drunkards of them again, after one had quit for a year and the other for three years, that she and her daughter had been compelled to support the family. I had heard before I got that letter that Miller had used whisky for the quarter, and that he had been beaten by a Presbyterian who also used whisky and that he was the son-in-law of a Presbyterian minister. Both were Democrats, Craddock, the partner with Remington, in the editing of the *Kentuckian-Citizen*, a Democratic paper first told me this account of Miller. It was on the street in front of the North- ern bank in Lexington.

A man from Paris was lately in Lexington and talking in the presence of a friend of mine against me. My friend, without letting the Paris man know that he was my friend, asked the Paris man what had set the Paris people so against me. The Paris man said that a lame Confederate soldier who was a saloon keeper had told Mr. Sweeney that he would join his church if he would

allow him to conduct his saloon, as he could not make a living any other way. The Paris man said Mr. Sweeney had taken him into his church and that I had written against it in a manner that gave the people offense. I never had heard of the case until my Lexington friend told me, and never wrote anything about any saloon keeper in Mr. Sweeney's church until this article which you now read.

A common statement made to me, by Democrats, Republicans, Prohibitionists, men and women, Christians and infidels, preachers and drunkards was that I had not told half that I might have told that was true about people who were in some way "in cahoot" with that Christian church.

Mr. Myall, a Methodist Republican who beat Horace Miller for the State legislature in that Democratic county came to see me in jail, and said to me that what I had said about that church would do it more good than anything that had been done for it in twenty years.

To All of Those to Whom the Blade is regularly sent.

All of those to whom the BLADE is regularly sent will find their names printed on the margin of the paper and the date from which they owe for the paper, if they admit that they owe for it at all.

In many instances papers have been sent to parties who never ordered it, because it was supposed from some reason, that they would take the paper. In such cases I do not claim advantage of that newspaper law which makes a man pay for the paper if he takes it out of the office. I do not believe that law is a just one to the man that takes out the paper.

But in all of those cases in persons are taking the BLADE out of the post office, without having ordered it, I hope they will either pay me, or notify me that they do not intend to pay, so that I may discontinue the paper to them, without further loss to myself.

This is said in kindness. If I have sent the paper, in these cases, have sent the paper, in these cases, at my own risk, it is only right that I should stand any loss that may occur, without complaining; but, of course, I want to make the loss to me as small as possible.

I have no agents to collect and send no bills. Whatever you send me will be credited to you as shown by the printed address on your paper, or the paper will be discontinued to you if you so order.

I began publishing the last series of the BLADE—which is all I expect any pay for, in September 1890, and continued until February 1892, making a year and a half. Then I discontinued it until now, a space of six months, because of prosecutions and imprisonment of myself, and the threat of indictment, and the intimidation of those who did my printing, and the difficulties with which I have had to contend were greater than I could overcome until this time.

In crediting those who pay they will not be charged with the six months that I lost.

The terms of the BLADE are, as published on the margin, "\$2.00 a year for rich people, and \$1.00 a year for poor people" and every man must be his own judge.

When any money is sent me it will be presumed that it is at the rate of \$2.00 a year unless the party sending specially says he sends it at the "poor man's rate."

Persons who are to pay me will please endorse the amount to me in a letter, even when they live in, or near, Lexington, as I live in the country and have no office in Lexington; addressing me at Lexington, Ky.

Fraternally Yours,
CHARLES C. MOORE, EDITOR.

BLASTS FROM RAIN'S HOOD.

—It doesn't take a bit of common sense out of a rascal to polish him.

—The right kind of martyrdom isn't somebody else's adversity.

—Too many people are electric lights in prayer meeting and tallow dips at home.

—Apply the rules of higher criticism to roast beef, and you will starve yourself to death.

—The only difference education can make in a man is to change the manner of his expression.

—There are men who always take out their vices with an air that seems to say they know the way to wisdom.

—Before you get in too big a hurry to get rich, sit down for a minute and watch a fly that has got stuck fast in honey.

THE CHURCH OF THE WORKINGMAN.

REV. O. P. GIFFORD, CHICAGO, ILL.

—What the church ought to do is shown by the Master's own action. He went where men were.

—We are losing touch with the people who bear the brunt of the battles of the day.

—The great need is for the minister to study the questions of the day.

—College education helps in the study of the Bible, but not in the questions of humanity.

—The great moral questions of the day are crystallizing outside of the Christian church, because somehow the workingmen and Christians are not in touch with them.

—The great monopolies of the country, those which grind down labor, are in the hands of Christians.

—Less money should be used for magnificent pulpits, ornate and beautiful decoration, and more placed where it will count every day.

—When we have gone down into the tenement house, the workshop and the sweatshop, and put ourselves in touch with the people, there will be less space between the workingman and the churches.